

STORIES LONG AND SHORT

Talks and Incidents Picked Up About the Streets of Indianapolis.

Decadence of the Chloroform Style of Romance—Dreamer Who Proposes to Bet on Whiskers—Good War Tale.

"It's matter for rejoicing," remarked the chemist, "that the newspapers are giving the chloroform racket a rest. It showed a most deplorable lack of information among newspaper reporters that it should have continued so long. The sensational correspondent at the cross-roads who earns his dollars by making mountains out of mole-hills, still does the chloroform fake occasionally, but the city reporter has given it up. As a matter of fact, no one can be chloroformed unless on the operating table or in the dentist's chair, willing to be so or too weak to offer resistance, unless physical force is used. Any one who ever saw an operation performed where chloroform or ether was used will know this to be true. When either of these anæsthetics is used more than one physician is always present and usually a nurse or two in addition. It requires the full attention of one person to give the anæsthetic. The idea of the really reporter that when chloroform is applied to the nose the patient goes into unconsciousness at the first puff is too silly to talk about. The first sensation upon its application is that of smothering or strangling, and the patient is apt to make a struggle. No able-bodied person in health, man or woman, could be chloroformed in the newspaper way unless by the most vigorous accompaniment of physical force. John C. Sullivan might chloroform me, just as he could take me and hold my head under the water until I became unconscious, but the struggle of a drowning person would precede the comatose state. The vapor of chloroform would fill the lungs, shutting out the air just as water shutting out the air accomplishes drowning. Restoration from chloroform drowning is accomplished in much the same way. The lungs are first relieved of the vapor of the water, and then respiration is to be mechanically restored. Raise the heels of the person who has inhaled the chloroform to the level above the head, and the vapor will run out of the lungs just as the water will under like circumstances run from the lungs of a person drowned in that fluid. The great surgeon, the late Dr. Marion Sims, one day came upon his children at play with a bottle of chloroform. They had a number of mice which they would douse with the vapor until they were unconscious and then restore them by holding them up by the tails. It gave the children lots of fun, whatever it may have done to the mice, and it gave the Doctor himself a new idea, for at that time chloroform had but recently come into use. The next day after witnessing this play of the children he operated upon a French princess, using chloroform to produce anæsthesia. The pulse ceased to beat he was somewhat frightened, but the recollection of the event of the day before with the mice suggested to him that if he raised the heels of the lady the chloroform would be expelled from her lungs. He did so with the desired effect and twice more during the operation he restored her in the same way."

A Democrat who is a believer in dreams, and something of a sport, is greatly troubled over some recent experience. "I have dreamed the same dream," he remarked to the reporter, "three nights running, and it will kill me off from making any bets on Cleveland this time. Four years ago, when Cleveland ran, I had the same dream, three nights running, but didn't heed the pointer, and lost nearly \$400 in good money on him."

"What was the dream?" asked the listeners, reaching out for another handful of free lunch.

The dreamer of dreams set down his beer glass and began:

"Do you know that every man who has been elected President of the United States, beginning with 1800, has worn a full beard?"

"Why," said one of the listeners, "Andrew Johnson didn't wear a beard, and Chester A. Arthur wore only a mustache and side whiskers. Besides, President Cleveland doesn't wear a beard—only a moustache."

"I'll come to Cleveland by and by. Neither Johnson nor Arthur was elected to the presidency, though both succeeded to that office. Lincoln wore a beard and was twice elected, so with Grant, who was a full-bearded man. Samuel J. Tilden was a dry, smooth-faced old man, and was left out by the Electoral Commission which gave the prize to Rutherford B. Hayes, a full-bearded man."

"But Cleveland was elected in 1884."

"Benjamin Butler says differently. He investigated the vote in New York city and found that enough votes that had been cast for him had been changed to Cleveland to give New York State to the Democratic candidate on the face of the returns, but that, as a matter of fact, James G. Blaine, a full-bearded man, was elected to the presidency. In 1888 Benjamin Harrison, a man with a beard, was elected, and I'm going to put my money on whiskers this time. I won't put a cent up on Cleveland unless he has a face full of hair by November."

"But you haven't told us your dream!"

"Oh yes; I dreamed that there was a long row of chairs, in each of which sat a man with a full beard, and that above each was a placard with name and date of election to the presidency, beginning with Abraham Lincoln. The chair of 1884 was vacant, but the placard above it read James G. Blaine. Harrison sat in the next chair, and above it was the line 'Good for two terms.' Now I've dreamed that Blaine died three nights hand-running just as I dreamed pretty near the same dream four years ago, and this time I'm going to take the tip, and put my money so that I'll get back what I lost four years ago. I think there's something in it."

Col. J. N. Walker tells a good story of Colonel Pavell, now one of the State officers of Illinois. On one occasion, in battle, Colonel Pavell was seriously near an exploding shell, which General Forrest's artillery had sent into the midst of the Union troops. A fragment of the shell neatly clipped away all the clothing from Colonel Pavell's hip and side, as if cut with a knife. The shock felled him to the ground with force, and rendered him speechless. The late Gen. A. D. Straight was standing near, and when the smoke cleared away, called to Colonel Pavell and said:

"Colonel, are you much hurt?"

The Colonel could not answer for lack of his bereft powers of speech, but he tells to this day that the answer flashed through his mind.

"Why, you d—fool, don't you see I am killed!"

It seemed, he said, surprising that Gen. Straight or any one else should ask such a question, with the evidence, as he thought, so plainly in sight. The flesh turned jet black in a few minutes, but the injury was not a serious one.

A prominent gentleman of this city, engaged in the manufacturing business, owns a large vacant lot in the northeast portion of the city. The lot was not being used for any specific purpose by the owner, so a few of the neighbors thought they would utilize it, as it was just what they wanted.

One of them owned an old gray horse, a sort of family relic, past its days of usefulness, but regarded with respect and veneration by the children. The horse was promptly taken from the stable and put to grass in the vacant lot, and pastures new. Another neighbor owned a Jersey cow, and casting about for pasture, his anxious eye lit upon this vacant lot, which was covered with a growth of green grass. In a lift he had his cow staked out in the vacant lot.

About this time, too, a third neighbor was cleaning his house and the corner room was directed to take the carpets to the vacant lot and clean them. Matters ran along swimmingly for awhile, but one morning all who passed the vacant lot saw

that a neatly-painted sign-board had been erected, bearing this legend: "Notice—This lot is neither a veterinary hospital, a cow pasture nor a carpet-cleaning depot."

The lot now resembles its former pristine vacancy.

The other day one of the snake organs of this city published a terrifying story about a huge serpent that had taken up its quarters on the large grounds about the Morris homestead on North Alabama street. It went on to say that while no one had actually seen the snake its track had been seen winding through the tall timothy, and the trail indicated that it was as big round as a flour barrel.

This story found ready circulation among the small boys of the neighborhood, and for several days the fruit in the orchard on these premises was not depredated upon. From afar the boys saw the plump pears and rosy-cheeked apples, turning their faces to the trees in a security they had not enjoyed through any August for many a year. This was very tantalizing to the lads, but they dared not enter the enclosure and risk an encounter with the monster.

But the fruit is no longer secure. A young philosopher, while contemplating the fruit with watery mouth from afar, saw a number of cattle grazing over the snake-infested acres, and he did some thinking on his own account. "See here, kids," he said to his companions after he had thought it out, "you see them cows over there. Don't you know them cows wouldn't be there if the folks believed there was a big snake there? If that snake is as big as they say it is I can see it before it can see me, and I can get out. Let's get some apples; what d'ye say?" And over the fence and into the orchard they went.

The estate of Mordocai M. Parry, who recently died at Minneapolis, is rated, it is said, at \$1,000,000. The deceased was a Quaker and formerly lived in Richmond, Hegave Earlham College \$10,000, with which Parry Science Hall was built and equipped. His fortune was made in real-estate speculation. The heirs are the widow and five children. A peculiarity of the bequest to one married daughter was a stipulation that her daughter, a pretty and vivacious young woman, should give up dancing. The grandfather was an Orthodox Quaker preacher, and retained many of the primitive Quaker ways before the sons supplanted books and eyes on coats, and before Friends would tolerate music or song in their meetings. He was a man of rugged force and unbending will, a characteristic of the Quakers of that time. The son, a Hickeys friend, who built a railroad from Richmond to Fort Wayne, of which he was at the time the president. The son, therefore, as to the dancing meant business, and, like a dutiful granddaughter, the young lady accepted the terms and waltzes no more. She is now an heiress.

Chivalry seems to be passing out and "metropolitan" piggishness taking its place in Indianapolis. It has long been the city's boast that her men still preserved the gentlemanly instinct that induces the sterner sex to vacate a street-car seat rather than allow a woman to stand up. For two or three years this has been rather out of date on the 6-o'clock cars loaded with mechanics, but there has been excuse for it in the belief that they had worked hard in the shops all day and were weary. But, riding out in a Clifford-avenue car the other evening, a government official of business it is to sit in an easy chair all day, calmly sat, "all spraddled out," with a bundle at his side, thus occupying space for two seats, while three or four ladies stood up with bundles in their arms.

BAUER'S NOVEL JOURNEY.

A Young Machinist Touring Around the World Alone.

San Francisco Paper.

Jacob Bauer, a young machinist, with considerable perseverance and ambition, applied last night for admission to a meeting of the Machinists' Union, in Shiel's building, after having traveled 2,300 miles on his bicycle through Eastern States and across the continent. He had his machine along with him—a trim little bicycle of the safety pattern, weighing about fifty pounds, being a member of the International Association of Machinists, with which the local organization is affiliated, he was received with flattering welcomes.

He is a highly interesting young man. He is only twenty-seven years of age, of medium stature and rather slender build, yet the huge task he has undertaken to complete in six months, and to make the journey, and in that time save enough from his wages as a mechanic to continue still further. It is his intention to make a complete tour of the world on his machine, whenever an opportunity offers. Already he has gathered a fund of entertaining reminiscences and stories of experiences in crossing the continent.

"I made my original start from Louisville, Ky.," said he last night, "with the intention of making a belt around the world in a kind of a grand tour, and I went to Chicago. From there I rode to Milwaukee and La Crosse, Wis., and then to Glenwood and the summer resorts in northern Wisconsin, where I was most impressively pressed by the people, who are largely Scandinavian and cannot speak English. I went down to Kansas City and stayed there for six months during the winter, and I am free to go as I please and work any place, so I remained in Kansas and worked all winter. On May 2 I started from Kansas and got caught in the cyclone and storms. When I got to Wichita the rain and mud kept me a prisoner for three weeks. At last I reached the coast, and I rode to Colorado Springs and on through the mountains and health resorts to Leadville. My route then lay to Salt Lake City, then down to Fresno, and on going as soon as possible to Australia by steamer and then through the country. From the antipodes I'll go to Asia, wheel about the Orient, and then to the east end of Europe, and at last through the continent, England, Ireland and Scotland and home to Kentucky. No, sir; I don't miss the bicycle."

"I hope to do a great deal of touring in Europe, to see what is worth seeing, and enjoy the old world fully."

"My best day's work was 115 miles in Kentucky over the old stage roads, and eighty miles in nine hours from Denver to Colorado Springs over the mountains. I rode the Western Express, passing 100 miles from Leadville, Col., a height of 12,000 feet, but the climb exhausted me, and I felt fearfully discouraged at the time. Leaving Kansas City my traps weighed twenty-four pounds, but I sold my revolver and ammunition at Salt Lake, after finding that the cowboys and Indians treated me very kindly, and it was only an extra load to carry."

Bauer travels in a flannel shirt, rough trousers, cap and soft shoes, and carries a bicycle suit, a change of linen and a few little necessities in a bundle strapped to the bicycle, and a kodak on his back.

One of the most remarkable sights on his journey was the young giant at Lawrence, Kan., "Col. Louis Willets, a farmer boy, eighteen years of age, 300 pounds weight and increasing, seven feet six inches in height, with a chest of thirty-two inches, and his foot eighteen inches, and the boy is still growing. The tourist has a picture of the giant in his kodak collection."

Among the Swedes and Norwegians of Minnesota he had a strange experience. In many places there they had never set eyes on a bicycle until his machine dashed past them, and it required all his power of explanation and persuasion to satisfy them about his two-wheeled horse.

Bauer looks well after his journey, and is ready for work to-day if it were necessary, but he will go onward around the globe.

The Iron Hall Funds.

Boston Transcript.

We are not surprised at these revelations, for we have noticed, in following the history of the short-term orders, as that history was brought out in recent proceedings, that the officials generally handled large sums for which they did not account until compelled to, and sometimes not then. Also, the extraordinary and profuse fusion of the "supreme" or "most excellent" officials have differed in degrees in the broken orders, but have had a striking resemblance in kind.

\$3.75—Chicago—\$3.75.

Big Four, World's Fair route.

Only \$3.75 to Chicago.

Via the popular Mo non route, the dining car line.

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

A Branch of Summer Verse.

I. DAY DREAM.

Green and white and purple and gold
The summerlands of the year unfold,
And the partridge pipes in the clover!

Oh, dreams! dreams! Come! Come again!
On the gusts of the wind and the summer-rain,
And songs from the meadows and perfume of clover,
And the old, old longing, over and over!

Oh, the happy days! Oh, the dreamy days,
And the joy of the summer-song!
Oh, the merry laughter and glowing face,
And the heart that was true and strong!

The swallows skim o'er the haunted pool,
Where the pale, white lilies sleep,
And far away in the aërial roll
Of the thunder of the deep.

And out of a beautiful, dreamy sleep
My hope wakes bold and strong,
She answers the call of the thund'rous deep
With a marvelous burst of song!

The day has ended his golden tale
In echoes of amethyst,
But my song floats down through the emerald vale
And the silver-bars of the mist!

Mellow gold and a pale moon moon,
And the wonderful tints of the sea,
And the shining sands from the gray old dune
Creep up to the lights on the lea!

Oh, dreams! dreams! Come! Come again!
On the gusts of the song, like a summer rain,
To freshen the meadows with perfume of clover,
And the same old longing, over and over.

Green and white and purple and gold
The summerlands of the night unfold,
And the partridge pipes in the clover.

II. THE WIND IS IN THE CORN.

The wind is in the corn
And the bird is in the tree,
A-singing, singing, a-singing merrily!
And the sun peeps over the hill,
Where the sleepy shadows lie,
And, oh, the earth is so fair and still
While the dawn is passing by!

III. ALONE IN THE WOODS.

I, alone in the woods with the dryads and nymphs,
Alone with the simple delight of existence!
—Down by the brook the mockingbird dips in the pool,
Pellicled water and sings!

Here, stretched on the grass, under a shadowy beech,
Eyes half-closed by the lullaby song of the bird,
I, and the dryads and nymphs.

I, alone in the woods with the dryads and nymphs,
Watch the long-bearded corn guard the edge of the woods.
All the notes of the town hushed by the serrated leaves,
Only the breezes may pass!

Breezes, shadows and lights dance together for us.
Lilies, white on the pool, reach and swathe in perfume
Dryads, nymphs and myself:
I, alone in the woods with the dryads and nymphs.

Have forgotten the world and swing to the rhythm of song
Away to the time when youth still dwelt upon earth,
Answering the songs of the birds!

IV. The Rock.

Here wells the spring in pungent drops
Of spice bush where the iris sleeps,
Where mottled lichen plaques
The rocks that fling rude stepping-stones
Across the brook, whose haste intones
Fear of a footstep faster
Than the light foot its swiftness owns.

Here dance the gypsies when noons are hot,
And hark the buzzing pasture lo!
Beyond this hedge of briars;
Grave butterflies in black and gray
Glide down the trickled sunshine's ray
Like gray Franciscan friars
Who haste last sacraments to pay.

The red ant and the black mole woe!
Fantastic castles, hostile hills,
Beneath the rock's old tower,
Answer pitiful, everywhere,
The ant lion digs a sandy snare;
And here from sun and shower
The spider spins its silver lar!

The poison-ant's tough tendrils twine
Its northern side; the trumpet vine,
With many a leafy ladder,
Scales southern battlements; the west
Is leamed with age, and damp, unbleached,
The haunt of owl and adder;
And leaf, swartly waives the nest.

And, ay!—no doubt these hornets are
Masked torturers. Inquisitor
The owl, whose cowed commission
To root out Fairy heresy:
This rock the dungeon is, I see,
Whence Fairy Inquisition
Frowns in its judging majesty.

Over the Rocks.

At the side of her harp my fair Lady bends low,
And her hands, as she coaxes a theme from the strings,
Seem like fluttering doves, as they move to and fro
In imprisonment—beating with white, outstretched wings
At the bars of their cage. At her feet a crushed rose—
A poor Jaquemotte lies. Unregarded it fell
From the rest, which are twined o'er her brow,
Ah, she knows
That a heart's like this bud at her feet! I compel
Her to hear me; then hark—in my turn—on a theme
Which re-echoes the love-chorus she touched as I gazed.
And my answer! She lifts to her lips (do I dream?)
The crushed rose. Quick I arise too, though half dazed
By the fragrance the flowers exhale—She is mine!
And my heart burns with incense from Love's sacred shrine.

Twilight in August.

Cloud-lands, dimly blue and rimmed with gold,
Are drifting dreamily along the west,
The sultry sun an hour since swooned to rest
Beyond the pathless prairie aureoled;
No sound is heard saving the manifold
Small voices of the dusk that manifest
Their multitudinous delights with zest
Among the dewy trees and grasses cold.

The katydids, those prophets of the groves,
At twilight take their noisy taboret
And warn us of the near approach of frost;
The crickets in the hedges lip their loves
In moody dissonance of regrets,
As if their petty passions had been crossed.

Identified.

Harper's Bazar.

Clerk (at country postoffice to gentleman desiring to cash a money order)—Have you any proof of your identity?

Gentleman (searching through his pocket finally finds his photograph)—Will this do?

Clerk (regarding first the photograph, then the original)—Why, yes, that is you. That is all right.

Queer World.

New York Herald.

When the rushing crowd on a city street are suddenly brought up standing by the hand-shaking of two old friends everybody gets mad. When the blockade is caused by the encounter of two old foes everybody looks glad. This is a queer old world.

Only \$3.75 to Chicago.

Via the popular Mo non route, the dining car line.

The New York Store

[ESTABLISHED 1853]

THE GREATEST BARGAIN WEEK

— OF THE —
GREAT BARGAIN SEASON.
Nothing Reserved. Every Dollar's worth of summer merchandise must go this week at some price.

IN WASH GOODS

We give you a choice of all our 10c Figured Mulls, Batistes and Bedford Cords at 5c a yard.

Also a lot of India Pongees, Pine-apple Tissues, etc., 12c goods, for 7c.

20 pieces Fancy Figured Veinette Lawns, valued at 20c; these go at 10c.

10 cases new Standard Prints, in new fall designs and colorings, on sale Monday morning.

A GREAT SALE OF

BLACK GOODS

10 pieces 40-inch Black Brillantine, 50c goods, for this sale 39c.

20 pieces 58c all-wool Black Henrietta, choice 39c.

15 pieces 46-inch all-wool French Serge, regular price 85c; a choice of these for 65c.

One lot fine Diagonal Bedford Cords, 85c quality, for 59c.

We offer you any of our 46-inch superfine French Serge and Silk Finish Henriettas, a good \$1.50 value for 95c a yard.

More Silk Bargains

20 pieces fine India Silks, stripes and polka dots, mostly navy blue and black grounds; also a lot of plain Indias, all on front bargain counter, at

39c.

One lot of \$1 colored Failles, Rhadames and Gros Grain Silks, choice for 69c.

10 pieces 24-inch Black Satin Duchesse, Gros Grain and Faille Franchise Silks, all valued at \$1.25; your choice of these for 89c.

MORE DOMESTICS

AT AGENTS' PRICES.

2,000 short lengths finest Lonsdale Cambrics, 9c a yard.

25c Bleached Sheeting (9-4) for 25c.

16 yards fine 9c Bleached Muslin for \$1.

14 yards of finer Bleached Muslin, 10c goods, for \$1.

Extra fine 4-4 Brown Sheeting, 17 yards for \$1.

30 dozen more ready-made Bleached Sheets, full size, for the cost of the material—namely, 59c.

PETTIS DRY GOODS COMPANY.

"Would you know why with pleasure Our faces so beam?"

Our Servants ne'er grumble, Our life is a dream.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP

Is the cause of our bliss; For all sorts of cleaning it ne'er comes amiss.

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THE STEDMAN DENTAL CO.

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The Sunday Journal, by Mail, \$2 Per Annum

THE SURPLUS

WILL BE CLOSED OUT THIS WEEK. Note the Reduction.

300 pairs Ladies' fine hand-turned Oxfords and Southern Ties, patent vamp and patent foxing, cloth and oozie tops, reduced from \$3.50 to \$2.50.

250 pairs Ladies' \$2 fine hand-turned patent-vamp Oxfords reduced to \$1.25.

Misses' \$1.50 one-strap patent-vamp Slippers reduced to \$1.10.

150 pairs Children's \$1.25 Oxfords and Slippers, with patent vamp, strap and buckle; choice 89c.

Boys' and Youths' Dongola Oxfords, patent tip and trimmed, reduced from \$2 to \$1.69.

SOME TELLING PRICES

IN THE GREAT BASEMENT

The surplus stock must be reduced. Extra heavy No. 8 copper-bottom Wash-boilers 97c.

Large inlaid 20x36-inch Lap-boards, 67c.

4-quart copper-bottom Coffee-pots, 38c.

500 Straw Splashes, 18x31 inches, 7c each.

Large Glass Berry Dish, 13c.

5-piece Toilet Sets, \$1.59.

8-inch China Fruit Plates, 10c.

12-inch Work Baskets, 15c.

Potoskey Clothes-Baskets or Hampers, \$2.65 kind for \$2.25.

All our 60c Jardinieres, 49c.

21c Champion Fly Traps, 10c.

54-foot Ironing-Boards 48c.

IN SILVERWARE

We shall have a big sale in Rogers Bros' Table and Dessert Spoons.

Choice of 50 sets fine Dessert Spoons, \$2.50 kind, for \$1.89 a set.

Choice of 35 sets Table and Dessert Spoons, \$3.75 and \$3.50 goods, \$2.89 a set.

Also, 300 silver-plated Butter Knives, reduced for 50c to 31c each.

100 fine Silver-plated Jelly Spoons reduced from 65c to 45c.

10 dozen Rogers Bros' Flat-handle Forks, were \$3.50 and \$3.75 a set, choice for \$2.89 a set.

50 sets Flat-handle Forks, were \$2.50 a set, now \$1.98 a set.

Silverware in Basement.

See our Furniture and Carpet Ad. on page 9.

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Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time.

Ticket Offices at Station and at corner Illinois and Washington streets.

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